

Nosam's Scraps.

The president of the United States, signed the Chinese exclusion bill last week. This excludes all Chinese emigration. During the year hundreds, if not thousands of Chinese, who have lived in the United States for years, go to their native country, and receive certificates, which would entitle them to return. But this bill dishonors the certificates issued by the government, and will not allow them to return, no matter how just their claim may be. Many if not all of these Chinamen have business, property or other interests here, from which they will now be deprived by this new law. Here we are professing to be a Christian nation, and we brand the Chinese as an ignorant, heathen nation. What a contrast! The Christian country is in this instance the unjust and persecuting, and the heathen Chinese is the persecuted. We send our missionaries over there, and they hold up the superiority of the Christian religion over all others. But all the preaching and individual sacrifice will never do any good toward conversion as long as such injustice as this is done by our government. The Chinese, like all other members of the human family, weigh actions and not merely words. This action is so unjust that it will do more harm in prejudicing the minds of the Chinese nation against Christianity than ten thousand missionaries can undo. But there is one redeeming point in this matter. While signing the bill, the President sent a message to Congress recommending additional legislation for the Chinese emigrants holding certificates. If these certificate authorizing their return will be honored, it will not be so bad. Let us hope it will be so. But as it is in nations, so is it in individuals. When Christian professors will violate their sense of justice and act unjustly and dishonestly, it kills all the efforts made for the conversion of souls. We thus disgrace Christianity and kill all good. Let us take warning by these events and act consistently.

Nearly \$12,000,000 was paid at the New York Tax office in one day last week. John Jacob Astor's check alone was for \$400,000, and several companies were for the same amount. Four hundred thousand dollars, the tax of one man for a year! If this is the tax, what must be the value of the wealth taxed! A great many people dissatisfied with their present lot in life, often covets the immense wealth of these millionaires. When they do this, they seldom think of the trouble, anxiety and responsibility they would be compelled to take along with it. Wealth does not bring happiness by any means. Many of us who may be in straitened circumstances, and to whom, the battle of life is a hand-to-hand conflict with poverty, may feel the relief a little money may bring to them, and they may realize, too, that it is a comfort to know that they may have no fears for old age. They may, in their every day struggle consider it the height of happiness to feel that they need not fear the Poor-house as the home of their declining days. But really does this absence of anxiety for the future bring happiness? Our knowledge of human experience compels us to answer emphatically—no. Let us look around us. The men who have a competency and even an abundance are usually the most anxious over the future. A great many of the people around us have raked, scraped, toiled, sacrificed, and pinched in the great race for competency or abundance, until the time they have obtained it they have become so broken down they are unable to enjoy it. Yea, many of them would barter back their abundance for the health it cost them. We hear of Rothschild receiving a dozen threatening letters before breakfast if money was not furnished, and hiring detectives to guard them from the assault of robbers, and cranks. Wealth will bring a responsibility some of us little dream of. The saying of G. to one who envied him his wealth is full of wisdom. "Would you take care of my riches for your board and clothing?" asked the millionaire. "Indeed I would not," was the ready answer. "Then that is all I get," said the rich man. How true! All we can have in reality in this world is what we eat and wear. The average people have this, the rich have no more.

The papers tell us that a cabbage "trust" has been formed by the farmers of North western Ohio, who refuse to sell for less than five cents a head on

the field. These trusts and combinations are beginning to become the curse of our age. No matter whether it is a combination of millionaires who band together not to loan or invest money under a certain percentage, or a syndicate of farmers who pledge themselves not to sell cabbages under a nickel a head, the principle is the same, and should be condemned. The principle is dishonest. Whenever a man wants more than a just price for an article it is robbery. Avarice and covetousness are the sins of this age. In the race for wealth we are trampling the poor and helpless under our feet. The United States of America have enough of Christian professors in it to stem the great "trust" flood that threatens the country. If every Christian would march honestly under the banner of Gospel morality and unselfishness, there would be a reformation. How often do we find the very men who are forming these combinations to bleed and rob the public, laying claim to a place in the Christian church. We would need no trusts—not even a cabbage trust—if all men would be governed by the golden rule taught us by the greatest and best of men this world ever saw.

In looking over the world in general, and reading over the history of the ages, we find things very much alike. When the Lord told His followers, "to do unto others as they would that others should do unto them" and that when a man should take away our coat, that we should let him have our cloak also, and "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and say all manner of evil against you falsely," and a host of kindred sentiments, he recognized the monster disposition of men to live and feed on their fellow men. The human family unchristianized has very much of the brute in it. Just as the larger animals live on the smaller ones, and the smaller ones on smaller still, and so on all the way down to the spider and the fly. This kind of financial cannibalism is to be found in all stages of society, until the world is full of webs woven for the unwary and weak. The world undoubtedly divides itself into two great masses, and may be summed up in the conjugation (active and passive) of a single verb thus:

I eat	} with its opposite	I am eaten
Thou eatest		Thou art eaten
He eats		He is eaten
We eat		We are eaten
Ye eat		Ye are eaten
They eat		They are eaten

This is an ugly fact but it is nevertheless true. To which do you belong?

Christ our Sin-Bearer.

BY J. B. LAIR.

I hear considerable about this subject. It is preached from the pulpit, it is published by the religious press, and heralded far and near, that *Christ bore our sins*, and indeed the Apostles talk a good deal that way too. But notwithstanding, the scripture seems to talk that way, there is a mystery about it that I cannot understand.

Let us admit for a moment that Christ did bear our sins," and then I ask, what sine? Sin is of two general characters. 1st. The Adamic sin, 2nd, Actual committed sin by the individual.

1st, The Adamic sin. The sin committed by our fore parents and passed on all their posterity. The penalty, which is death, natural death—which all must suffer. Now it is evident that Christ did not bear away this sin, or the penalty, or we surely would not die any more. Some might say that bore the Adamic sin, but it would be very strange to remove the crime and yet make the subject suffer the penalty, that is not even human, much less divine.

2nd. Actual committed sin. *We must repent of our sins.*—There is no plainer scripture injunction. But if Christ bore them why should we have to repent of them? If we do not repent of them, we must suffer the penalty, not the natural death, but the second death. But if Christ bore them, why shall we suffer the penalty? God is a just God, but would it be just for Him to require the penalty of sin of His Son, and each individual too?

We die the natural death as the consequence of Adams sin. We shall die the "Second death" as a consequence of our own un-repent sins. Now pray tell me, you who can, what of our sins did

Christ bear? I hope those who think that Christ bore our sin can tell us, how, and in what particular he did it, or else quit teaching it.

Olathe Kan., July 19th, '88.

The Infidel's Wager.

A young man named Thorpe, who afterwards became an effective minister of that gospel which at first he had ridiculed, was one of Mr. Whitfield's most insulting opposers; and possessing an unusual talent for mimicry, he not only interrupted his sermons in public, but ridiculed them in private in convivial theatrical circles.

On one occasion, at such a gathering for revelry and wit, he and three of his companions laid a wager for the most effective imitation and ridicule of Whitfield's preaching. Each was to open the Bible at random and deliver an extempore harangue from the first verse that presented itself, and the audience, after the profane exhibition, were to adjudicate the prize.

Thorpe's three competitors each went through the game with impious buffoonery, and then it came to his turn. They had the table for their rostrum; and as he was about to step upon it, confident of his superior ability, Thorpe exclaimed, "I shall beat you all." They handed him the Bible, and when he opened it the invisible providence of God directed his eye at the first glance to the verse in the thirteenth chapter of Luke's Gospel—

"Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

He read the words, but the moment he had uttered them he began to see and to feel their full import. The Sword of the Spirit in that passage went through his soul as a flash of lightning. An instantaneous conviction of his own guilt as a sinner before God seized hold upon him; and his conscience was fearfully aroused. The retribution in that passage he felt was for himself; its terrors glared upon him; and out of that rapid and overwhelming conviction he preached. His fervor and fire increased as he went on, the sympathetic gloom of his audience deepened the convictions in his own soul, and the sentences fell from his lips with such intense and burning imagery, and with such point and power of language, that as he afterwards stated, it seemed to him as if his own hair would stand erect with terror at their awfulness. Yet no man interrupted him, for all felt and saw, from the solemnity of his manner, what an overwhelming impression there was upon him; and though their astonishment gradually deepened into anger, yet they sat spell bound, listening and gazing at him. And when he had finished a profound silence reigned in the whole circle, and not one word concerning the wager was uttered.

Thorpe instantly withdrew from the company, without speaking a word, and never returned to that society; but after a season of the deepest distress and conflict, passed into the full light of the gospel, and at length became a most successful preacher of its grace.—Dr. Cheever.

An African Convert.

Renewed men are the best evidences of Christianity. It is not difficult to believe in the miracles of the Bible when one sees miracles wrought in the transformation of character. To make a saint out of a savage is more than to open the eyes of the blind. Professor Henry Drummond, in his new volume on "Tropical Africa," accepts this new line of evidence in regard to the value of missions as he tells the story of an African convert connected with the Scotch Free Church mission on Lake Nyasa. "I never saw Moolu do an inconsistent thing. He could neither read nor write; he knew only some dozen words of English; until seven years ago he had never seen a white man; but I could trust him with everything I had. He was not 'pious': he was neither bright nor clever; he was a commonplace black; but he did his duty, and never told a lie. The first night of our camp, after all had gone to rest, I remember being aroused by a loud talking. I looked out of my tent; a flood of moonlight lit up the forest; and there, kneeling upon the ground, was a little group of natives, and Moolu in the centre conducting evening prayers. Every night afterwards this service was repeated, no matter how long the march was, nor how tired the men. I make no comment. But this I will say, Moolu's life gave him the right to do it. Mission reports are often said to be valueless; they are less so than anti-mission reports. I believe in missions for one thing, because I believe in Moolu."—Ex.